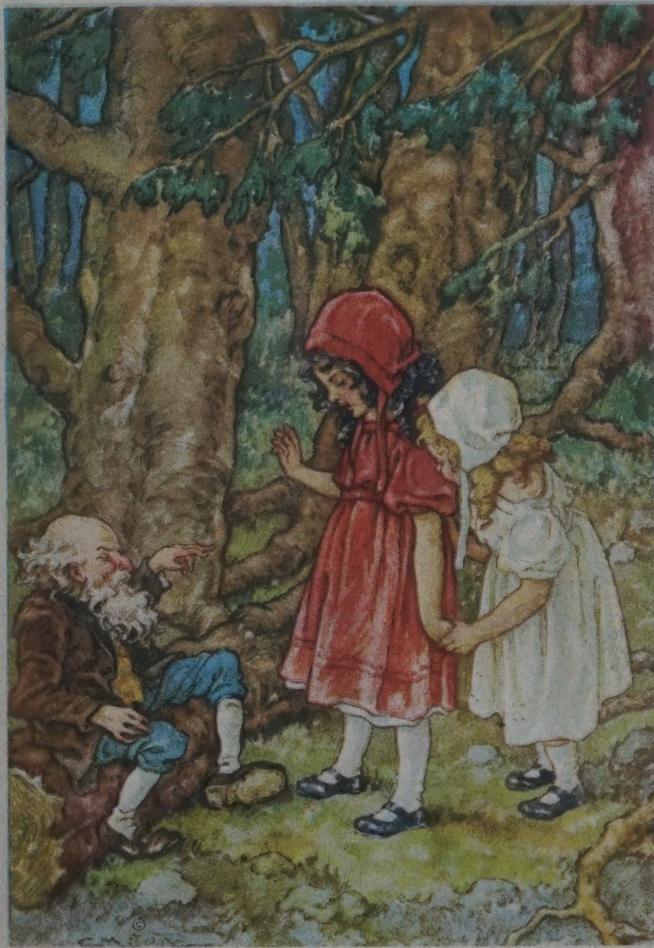


FEBRUARY 1920

Little Folks

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a copy

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SOMETHING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO DO



Something to Read From the Editor

Dear Boys and Girls who read Little Folks:—

When are you happiest?

I am going to answer that question for you, but I should be glad to have you write and tell me if I am right. I think that each one of you is happiest when he is busiest. It may be you are busy at work, or you may be busy at play, but to be happy you must have Something to Do.

So, *each month*, we are going to give you many pleasant things to do, and we shall have *this page* and three to six others, to tell you these good ways for keeping happy and busy: we shall tell you how you may have good times without making work for Mother or any grown-up person; indeed, you will be able to make things that will please even grown-ups.

And all you will need will be your own two eyes and hands and perhaps paper, and pencils, with, sometimes, paste and a ruler, or a bit of cloth and needle and thread. Yes, there will be things to cut out and color, too, and, of course, you will need paints, or crayons and scissors; but these are things that every child has.

I want you to tell me what things you like to do best, too, and send me puzzles that have interested you. I shall give prizes later on, for the best puzzles. Now, try doing the things Little Folks tells and let me know which of them you think most interesting, and why you like it best.

Your loving

Editor.



SOMETHING TO READ

WOULD you like to read the biggest, most delightful book in the world? Of course you would. But do you know its name? Of course you don't; nobody does. For centuries people have loved to tell stories and to hear them told, and some of the stories have been so beautiful and fine that they have lived, and people still enjoy hearing them and telling them. Miss Frances Jenkins Olcott comes as near giving you the biggest, most delightful book in the world as anyone can in *The Wonder Garden*—a book of one hundred and fifty of the best stories in the world, collected from wherever in the world stories are told—and where are they not? Many wonderful, strange things happen in the Wonder Garden, and the tales are so lovely that you will want to remember them always. This book costs two dollars and a half, but it is worth it, every bit, for it is beautifully illustrated in color. When your teacher says she will read to you a little while on Friday afternoon, or when you want a story before you are tucked in for the night, or when you feel like curling up in a corner with just the best book you can find, remember *The Wonder Garden*. It is exactly that sort of book!



SOMETHING FOR THEM TO MAKE

"THREE of us for luncheon to-day," counted Ruth. "I wish Mother would let us cook something."

"Let's ask her," suggested Janie. "She most always lets us."

When they did ask her, Mother smiled. "I was just wondering," she said, "what we could have for dessert, and you two have made me remember the nicest receipt for cup custard for three people. If I knew of someone who would make it—"

"We will! We will!" cried the playroom cooks, fairly dragging Mother into the kitchen.

After luncheon, Janie asked Mother for a notebook. "I want to write in it, for us to keep, how we made those 'licious custards," she explained.

So Mother found a notebook, and Janie wrote in her very best hand on the cover:

The Playroom Cookbook

And on the next page she wrote this recipe for cup custard for three:

"Break two eggs carefully into a bowl and beat them for 2 minutes with an egg-beater.

Add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt and 2 heaping tbsp. granulated sugar. Beat 2 minutes with a spoon.

Heat 1 pt. milk in a double boiler, till very hot. Mix with the egg and sugar, and beat again with a spoon for 1 minute.

Fill three custard cups with the mixture,

Something For Playroom Cooks To Make

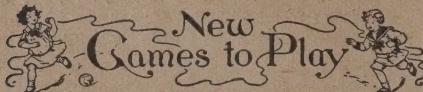
(Continued from page 145)

grate a little nutmeg over the top and set in a pan in a moderate oven.

Before closing oven door, pour hot water into pan till it comes half-way up the custard cup. Be careful not to get any water into the custard while pouring it in.

Cook about half an hour, or until the custards are firm in the middle and brown on top. Test with a straw. If the straw comes out clean, the custards are done, but if any of the mixture sticks to the straw, they need to cook longer.

Take them out of the pan and let them cool. Serve very cold, with or without a bit of jelly on top."



SOME FUN FOR YOUR VALENTINE PARTY

BUY some small heart-shaped boxes, and some little favors, as different as you choose. Place a gift in each heart box, one for each guest, wrap the boxes neatly and tie with red ribbon. Now you will need some large red cardboard hearts and some little red bags, and some candy hearts. Then you are ready for your games.

First, have a Heart Hunt, with the tiny candy hearts you have hidden around the room. If you cannot get candy hearts, use little heart stickers. The children will need the little red bags to collect their hearts in.

Next have a Heart Auction, with Mother as auctioneer. She can sell the heart-shaped boxes with the little gifts inside, and you can bid as many of your candy hearts or stickers for the packages as you like. Only, so that everyone shall have a package, after a person has "bought" a package he may not bid any more.

Now light Saint Valentine's candle, a red candle in a candlestick, and put it on the table. Blind each child, in turn, and stand him ten paces away from the table. Now turn him around three times, and tell him to take ten steps toward the table and try to blow the candle out. The one who can do it will be very fortunate through the coming year. If the blindfolded one does not walk toward the table at all, don't interfere with him, for that is part of the fun.

Pass out the big cardboard hearts, some old magazines, or catalogues, some scissors and paste. First of all, each guest writes his name at the top of the heart. Then collect the hearts, place them face down in a box, and let each guest draw one. Then with the help of the magazines, the scissors and the paste, he must decorate the heart with the favorite things of the person whose name is written on it.



A DRINKING CUP

LET'S make a drinking-cup. It's fun.

First, cut a square of stiff paper, measuring six or seven inches, and then fold it over once, through the middle, to form a triangle. Now, with the bottom of the triangle nearest you, bring the lower right-hand point of the triangle over to the left-hand side until it touches the edge of the paper a little above the middle of the edge and lies across in a straight line. Crease. Bring the lower left-hand edge of the triangle up to the edge of the right-hand side, where the first crease began, and crease this side, too. The sides of your cup will slant toward the bottom, and you will have two little triangles left at the top. Fold one of these down on each side of the cup, and there you are!

You can make these cups any size, as long as your paper is square—big enough for grown folks, or tiny enough for dollies. Next time you go on a picnic, take some of these little cups with you. They are flat until you need them, and will pack nicely into the lunch basket. If it is to be a very special picnic, why not add a design on the outside with your crayons or water colors, and make them as gay as the picnic itself?

Le New Dalhouse

Something To Write To Other Readers

CORRESPONDENCE REQUESTS

NOTICE

Owing to the great number of requests on hand, waiting their turn to be published, please do not send any further requests until notice to that effect appears.

Grace Hood, 720 E. Walnut St., Green Bay, Wis. would like to hear from a nine-year-old girl in Fla.

Maurice Winton Riley, Willard, Colo., seven years old, would like to hear from a little boy living in his state.

John Herman, Carroll, Iowa, wants to hear from someone in Japan or the Hawaiian Islands. He is in the third grade.

Frederick Bohling, Poynette, Wis., eleven years old, would like to hear from a boy or a girl in any part of the country telling about their home. He will answer all his letters.

Johanna De Wurd, Hudsonville, Mich., Box 8, would like to hear from somebody in Canada or California.

Elizabeth Date, N. Franklin, Conn., R. F. D. 1 would like to hear from her twin if she has one. Her birthday is March 18.

Martha Norstrum, Burnside, Iowa, ten years old, would like to hear from a girl in the Hawaiian Islands.

Helen McCormick, 508 Vine St., Connellsville, Pa., would like to hear from twelve-year-old girl in Calif., Ariz., Fla., and Washington.

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FEBRUARY 1920

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Illustrated by Dorothy Grover	
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Illustrated by Biolet Moore Higgins	
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Something From Far Away



The Letter Bag

Watonga, Okla.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a girl eleven years old. I have two sisters, one nine and the other three. Daddy used to own a large hardware store but he sold it so we could go away this summer. We went to Colorado, and saw many beautiful things, not all of which I can describe. One evening we camped on Prospect Lake. It covers seventy-five acres, and no one has ever found the bottom of it. The view we had from camp was beautiful. Pikes Peak showed how beautiful it could be, and Mount Manitou was decorated with green pines. Colorado is noted for its sugar beets which grow in the fields. I am taking music lessons which I like very much. I practice about an hour and a half every day. I am in the seventh grade. We have a play-house with a stove and tables and chairs in it. I liked Sarah Allen Thomas's letter, it was so interesting. I would like a short letter from some little girl or boy. My box is 187. Lodema Rose.

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, U. S. A.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for five or six months and I like you very much. I came from the States, and have lived here for a year and a half. My father is postmaster here. We have a monkey, a puppy and a kitten. The monkey's name is Mona, and the pony's name is Sausage, but we have not named the kitten yet. I go bathing in the sea, and I am learning to swim and also to float. My father has a motor-boat and he takes us out in it sometimes. I am nine years old. I would like some little boy or girl to write to me. My address is at the top of the letter.

Rebecca Lee.

Utica, N. Y.

Dear "Little Folks":—Would you like to make a little quill pen and stick it into a little bird-shot holder filled with bird-shot? I will tell you how to make one. Take the cap off a tube of tooth paste and fill it with white sand. Be sure the sand is very fine. Then get a tiny feather and stick it into the sand. Then put it onto your little desk in your dollhouse.

Dorothy Foster.

Newfoundland, N. J.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have a house in a tree. I call it my Tree House. It has ten seats and a table. I sit up in the tree on warm days and sew or knit or crochet. I have taken

Little Folks nearly four years and I am ten years old. I haven't any pets.

Blanche Vreeland.

East Gary, Ind.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am not taking you, but as soon as we go back to Panama I shall take you. I have four sisters, all too big or too little to read Little Folks except one who is just the right size to read it. I have been across, and swimming in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. I went swimming by the docks, not where there wasn't any land. I have a little poodle pup named Chitcka. I want someone to write to me, please.

Bert Blake.

Bend, S. D.

Dear "Little Folks":—I saw a letter from S. D. in your lovely magazine, and I thought there ought to be a twin to it. I live a ways from Lead, but I can tell you a bit about it. The Homestake Mine got on fire as I suppose you know. They had to flood the mine. I am in the sixth grade. We like "Little Allies" and all of its good qualities. I am the only girl, and I have three brothers.

Alice Ham.

Sapulpa, Okla.

Dear "Little Folks":—I subscribed for your magazine a few months ago and I like it fine. I am seven years old and started to school in September. I live on the edge of an oil-field. I have a little brother five years old, who is in Texas on a visit.

Earl E. Davis.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for two years. I am five years old. I have two older sisters. I was at the seashore all summer, between Mass. and Conn. and I can swim in deep water. My nurse reads me the Letter Bag every month. I am just learning to write.

John Paul Pero, 3d.

Moultrie, Ga.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been taking you nearly two years, and like you very much. I am nine years old and am in the fourth grade. I carry my Little Folks to school and my teacher reads the stories to us. I have no pets, but the birds come and sit in the hedge by my window and wake me up every morning.

Dorothy Dowling.

CAPSHEAF

The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned

Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears clothing. Send 10c. for the sample dozen to 101 Franklin St., New York City. Use Capsheaf once and you will always use it.



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Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

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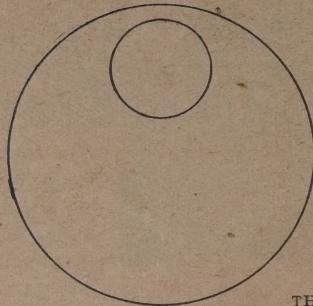
Because of their many features, they are especially suited to use on Baby's Crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress—save time and labor.

Endorsed by Physicians and Used by the Best Families Who Know

See that Trademark is stitched in corner of every Protector you purchase.

THE EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., New York City

Something To Draw



THE MODEL BAT

THE MERRY MENAGERIE

XIX.—THE BUFFALO ROUND-UP AND THE BAT PRIZE OFFER



THE SHOWMAN

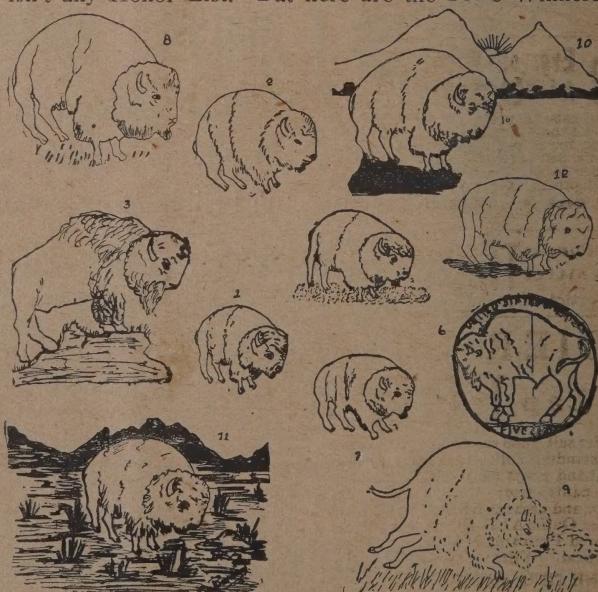
At the top of the page poses Beatrice Bat, the very last animal in the Jolly Showman's Merry Menagerie. Beatrice is little, but she is as cute as can be, and she is more than anxious to have her picture drawn. The Jolly Showman wanted to write a long story about Beatrice, and tell you all about her kind; but Beatrice said, "No. Tell them to look me up in their books, and then draw pictures of me when they know some of the curious things I do." So that is why the Jolly Showman isn't going to tell you a thing about Beatrice after all. If you live near a library, ask the librarian to give you some books that will tell you how bats live; and if you know about bats already and have seen them, draw pictures of them as you know them. The Showman and the Contest Editor will give a prize to the boy or girl who writes the best letter about some bats he or she has seen. Do not make your letter over two hundred words long, and write in ink, please. The prize letter will be printed.

And now for Billy Buffalo. He certainly has no reason to complain that his pictures aren't as good as Lemuel Lion's. Not so many children tried to draw Billy's picture, and so there isn't any Honor List. But here are the Prize Winners:

1. Elizabeth Comps	Age 6
2. Keith McClure	Age 7
3. Evelyn Nelson	Age 8
4. Thelda Mickey	Age 9
5. Gertrude Gingery	Age 10
6. D. Pierson Ricks	Age 11
7. Grace Evans	Age 12
8. Hilde Fernald	Age 13
9. Lillian Johnson	Age 14
10. Singhild Ranta	Age 15
11. Ida Robinson	Age 15
12. Billy Ford	Age 6

The drawings of Beatrice Bat are due Mar. 5th., and so are the letters about her.

I wonder if any of you can suggest another brand new drawing contest. Put on your thinking caps and when you have thought as hard as you can, and know of something you would like to draw, and to have other boys and girls draw, send your suggestion to the Contest Editor. Who knows what good idea you may have? It may start a good, new contest for us.



THE PRIZE DRAWINGS



A Little Fellow's Auto-Wheel Roadster

When Dad comes home from work each day,
He stops upon the street,
To watch my Auto-Wheel at play
With boys and wagons fleet.

With Daddy's push upon the grade,
I'm first to cross the line,
It puts all wagons in the shade,
—The Auto-Wheel is fine.

If you want fun that's out of sight,
With Coaster wagons fine,
Just whisper to your Dad to write
This Company a line.

You'll get a book of Auto-Wheels,...
Coasters, and Roadsters, too,
That glide along so fast it feels
Like fun entirely new.

And with it comes a magazine,
Brimful of lively news,
The like of which you've never seen,
With all its lovely views.

Just mention the names of 3 Coaster wagon dealers in your town and which one handles the wagon bearing the name

Auto-Wheel Coaster Auto-Wheel Roadster

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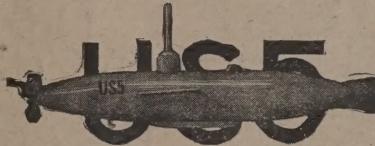
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LIVE WIRE BOYS!



Do you want this Submarine Sensation of Toy Land? Runs under water, on top

of it; straight ahead or in circles. Measures 10 1/2 in. and is finished in battleship gray and red. Operating parts of metal, with pure rubber motor which will last a long time. Ideal for seashore, park lakes, swimming pools and bath tubs. Yours for selling 20 sets of snap fasteners at 10 cents each. The U. S. 5 is easy to get because a livewire boy can sell these in no time. Write today for your supply.

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EVERY GIRL NEEDS A PENKNIFE



The one we offer is a little beauty, having a stag handle and both a large and a small blade of fine

quality steel that takes a good, keen edge. For selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a card and returning to us the money you collect, you may have one of these fine knives.

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ATTENTION—PLEASE! Get This Money

\$1,000.00 in cash, besides commissions, paid boys, girls and those getting the largest number of subscribers to The American Guide, Everybody's Information Magazine. Be quick, don't wait. All or spare time, town or country. Contestants' names published monthly. Complete plans, copies, blanks, sent free. Enclose dime for postage. Address CLAUDE WINDHAM, Publisher, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA



Bessie Beech-Nut Her Letter

DEAR DADDY

I WENT TO SCHOOL
TODAY.

I WENT FOR A WALK
I TOOK ROVER

I HAD LUNCH

I HAD 1 APPLE

I HAD A GLASS
OF MILK.

I HAD 3 BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER SAND-
WICHES

I LIKE THEM VERY
MUCH

I HAD SOME MORE IN
THE KITCHEN AFTER
I HOPE YOU ARE
HAVING A NICE TIME

I LOVE YOU DADDY
FROM BESSIE

Beech-Nut Packing Co.
"Foods of Finest Flavor"
Canajoharie, N.Y.



Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

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FLORENCE WHITE WILLIAMS

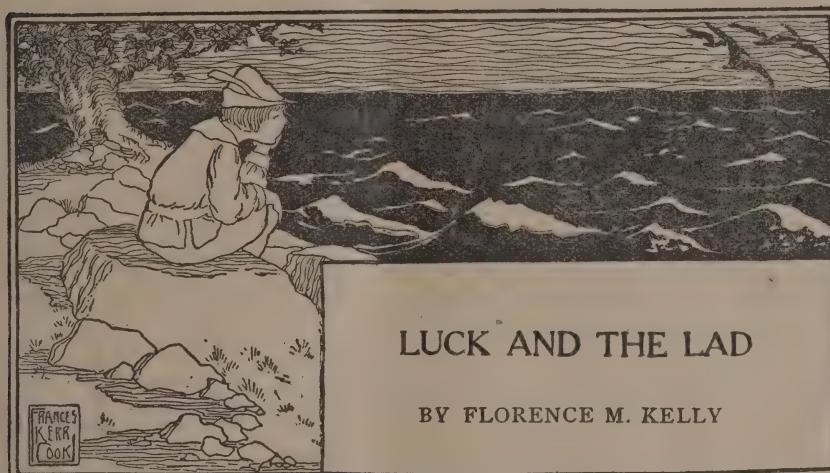
"I'M GOING TO BE A GENERAL, LIKE WASHINGTON"

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIII

FEBRUARY, 1920

No. 4



M AURA'S hill was green in the sunlight but the lad who sat thereon was grey in spirit for he had lost Luck. Many a weary mile had Luck trudged with him, making the way easy; for she was small and filled with laughter that bubbled from her lips like water from a hole in the rock. But the wild curlews had filched her from him and the lad walked alone.

The sea birds screamed mockingly as they flew far with their prize and Corny was heavy-hearted and heavy of foot as he went on, over the hill and down to the sea below that was calling him.

A little grey mare nickered to him from a patch of a field hard by, and Corny went to her and leaned his sorrowful head on her shoulders.

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"O little grey mare, let your heart be sorry for me, for I have lost my Luck."

"What's lost can be found," said the little grey mare, "but you must seek it swiftly, and ere the dawn breaks, or Luck will have left you for good and all."



"Corny, my boy," said the little grey mare, "you're a poor loser."

"And where shall I seek? Can I fly like the wild birds that took her away; and shall I seek her in the sea, or in the air?"

"Corny, my boy," said the little grey mare, shaking her wise head at him, "you're but a poor loser, or you would have seen which way Luck went when she left you."

"I would wring the necks, that I would, of the villainous

birds that took her," mourned the lad.

"Them that could take her had more right to her than you had, for what a man cannot keep is never his, anyway. So if you want Luck back again, Corny boy, you had better be seeking her."

And with those words the little grey mare kicked up her heels and galloped to the other side of the field, and Corny went his way, thinking long and hard.

When he came to the wide seashore he looked out across the water to see if by any good chance a ship might be sailing by. But never a sail did he see, nothing but the wild birds beating the air with their wings.

A great rock heaved its shoulder out of the ocean far off and from this the birds flew back and forth. Some of them flew over his head, mocking him with their little red eyes, and the lad's heart grew hot within him.

"Sure, the rock is where they have taken her, and how shall I get there, for it's but a poor swimmer I am, and the water's bone cold?"

And bone cold the sea was, for a chill wind had blown over it all night and the sun had not warmed it.

"But shall I let the wild birds mock me all the day long? If I can't get me a boat I must build one."

The seaweed lay heavy in the small pools and Corny gathered great armfuls and sitting himself down on the yellow sand, he wove them into a great, strong mat, and at last put out to sea.

"Now," cried he, "big fish and little fish, come, for I need you. If you'll pull me over to the great rock, I'll eat no fish for a twelvemonth."

"And how shall we know you're in earnest?" asked the fish, popping their flat heads out of the water and looking at him very severely.

"You have but my bare word for it," said Corny, "but no man, and no fish, ever yet found me a liar."

So the fishes, big and small, took the ends of the seaweed mat in their mouths and away they swam to the great rock that heaved its shoulder high out of the salt sea.



SO THE FISH, BIG AND SMALL, TOOK THE ENDS OF THE SEAWEED MAT IN THEIR MOUTHS
AND AWAY THEY SWAM.

The birds screamed in anger as they saw the fish coming and tried to peck out their eyes.

"A little is enough of this," said the pike, dropping his corner. "We've done our share, Corny boy; the rest you must do for yourself."

"And thank you kindly for your help," said the lad, trying to scramble up the sides of the slippery rock. "I'll not forget what I promised, but I'm thinking I'll be sick of eggs ere this day twelvemonth."

Now the rock was smooth as glass and steep and high, and the lad wondered how he was going to get to the top.

"I'd need to be a bird, indeed, to get up there," said he, beating off the wild creatures that came at him again, trying to push him off with their great wings, "but get there I must, and ere the dawn breaks, too. I must have a rope."

Chuckling at his plight, the birds flew to the summit of the rock, and there minded their own business for a time.

Corny put on his thinking cap and thought the matter over.

"I got myself into this scrape," said he, "and I must get myself out of it. They that lose Luck must work mighty hard to get her back again, I'm thinking."

Never stopping to sigh, at once he drew off his long woolen stockings and began to ravel a bit until he had a nice long line lying beside him. Then he took off his leather jacket



UP AND UP WENT THE LINE, TRAILING
AFTER HIM

and cut it into strips, tying them together strongly, and then he gathered pebbles from the shore and began throwing them at the sea birds up aloft.

Sore angered, as the pebbles flew about their heads, they came at him again, shrieking their mocking cries into his ears. But one bold rascal, flying low, caught sight of the woolen thread and, taking one end in his beak, flew to the top of the rock with it. Up and up went the line, trailing after him, until the leather thong caught in a crevice and held fast, and the lad laughed aloud.

"And isn't that exactly what I wanted you to do, you silly, silly creature? 'Tis as good a line as ever a sailor hauled on."

Then, up and up went Corny, hand over fist, and in a tearing hurry, for again the evil birds attacked him. It was a sore pair of hands and knees that had but an odd patch of skin on them.

The top of the rock was rough and rugged and the sun beat on him hardly as he searched in every nook and cranny, so sure was he that Luck was there. And after many a weary hour he found her, hidden away in a nook scarce big enough to put his thumb in, and by that time his back was well-nigh broken with his toil. And all the time she was calling, calling, but in a voice so low and weak that he would never have heard it at all had he not been so keen to find her. Her laughter was like that of the fairies who dance over fairy gold when he thrust her into his



THANKFUL AND GLAD WAS SHE TO BE AT HOME



THEY SOARED THROUGH THE AIR, STRAIGHT TO THE BEACH

bosom, for thankful and glad was she to be at home. "And how shall we climb down the side of the rock, Corny lad?"

The line was almost worn through. "We can never climb down that way, and, sure, we're as high as the top of the world up here. There's only one way that I can see, and what's left of the line will come in handy."

The sea birds watched him in sullen fury, sick at his success in having got there at all, and worse at seeing him find what he came for. He took off his waistcoat and, drawing near to the edge of the rock, he threw it over the unsuspecting creatures and had them hard and fast beneath it. Then he tied them, wing to wing, leaving some with the right wing free and some with the left.

"And now, my fine fellows," said Corny briskly, never heeding their rage, "you brought my Luck here and it's only fair you should take her back again; but this time you take me along, for Luck and Corny will never more be parted."

The sea birds murmured at this fine scheme, but the lad was firm.

"Rage and tear as much as you like, but back to the shore you carry us both, so here goes."

Then Corny seated himself securely on the back of the leader, Luck safe in his bosom, her merry laughter like music in his ears as they soared through the air, straight to the beach and to the very spot where he had woven the mat of seaweed. And you may be sure he buttoned his shirt tightly as he released the wild birds and watched them fly sullenly back to the rock.

"And that's a good job well done," said he, with much satisfaction. "But, mind what I'm telling you, once I lost you and 'twas mighty hard work getting you back again, and I had to have some help in the doing of it, but I'll need no help after this in keeping you."

WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

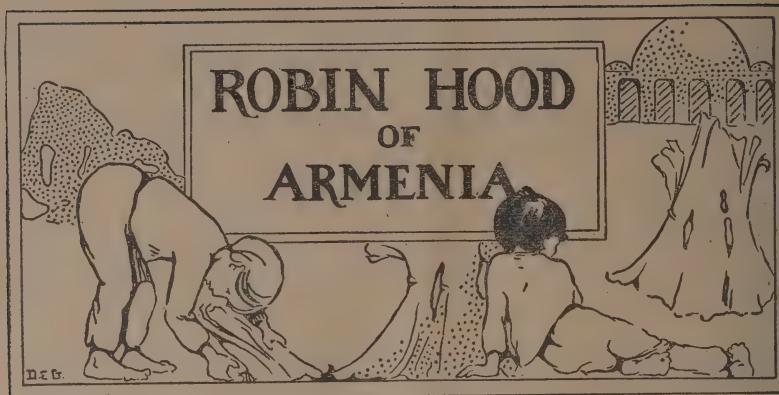
HE was a rat and she was a rat,
And down in a hole they did dwell;
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved each other well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine;
And each said, "Your's is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelled the cheese, and she smelled the cheese
And they both pronounced it good;
And both said it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he went out, and she went out,
And I saw them go with pain;
And what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

(From Old Rhymes)



A TRUE STORY TOLD BY NINA E. RICE AND
CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

ALL day long Ara and Garabed toiled in the grain fields in the hot sun, watching their master's house, and never daring to stop work for a moment lest a cruel Turkish whip curl across their tired backs. He seemed always present, ready to punish—that Turkish peasant who had stolen them from the exiles' caravan.

"I am so tired," mourned Ara. "I should like to lie once more among the purple lilies on the slopes of the Iris, and tell tales about the water-wheels of Amasia and the ruined forts of Mithridates on the cliffs."

"And I should like to hear Grandmother tell again about our grandfather, Garabed, who was a pastor, and whom the Turks killed because he would not deny Christ."

"If only we could get away from here," said Ara, "and find Mother and Grandfather and our little lame brother! Oh, Garabed, do you suppose the Turks have taken all our poor people into the terrible desert?"

"We mustn't think about that," answered Garabed. "We must remember our brave grandfather and try to think of a way to escape from the Turk. Then perhaps we can help our poor, persecuted Armenia. Think hard, Ara. There must be a way."

"There is," replied a voice that was not Ara's, and that made the boys jump with fear. If their master had overheard

them they were sure to be most dreadfully punished.

"Do not fear," the voice went on. "I am here to help you, sent by your mother. Do not look about. Come closer to this thicket at the edge of the field. I will tell you how you may escape."

"Shall we trust him?" whispered Ara."

"He knows our wish," answered Garabed. "Whatever happens cannot be much worse than this."

So, little by little, the brothers worked their way along the edge of the field to the thicket, and while they pretended to stoop over at their work, in case their master should suddenly appear, they listened carefully to what the voice had to say.

"Tonight," it told them, "you must creep out of the house at midnight, and I will be waiting for you around the corner. It is not safe to take you away by day."

Ara and Garabed promised, and before they could say more, a horseman galloped away on the other side of the thicket.

But in spite of their promise and their efforts to stay awake, they fell fast asleep and did not wake until dawn. Fearfully they stole from the house, but no horseman was waiting. Ara was bitterly disappointed.

"We mustn't be discouraged," comforted Garabed. "Probably he thought we couldn't get away, and maybe he will come again tomorrow."

So once more, at midnight, the two boys made their anxious way to the corner—and there was the horseman!

Up and away they were, in no time at all.

"Where are we going?" asked Ara.

"To Sivas, where your grandfather lived and died," replied the horseman.

"How does it happen that you are so kind to us? Are you an Armenian and a Christian?" asked Garabed.

"No," said the horseman. "I am a Moslem, and a robber at that. Do not shudder, boy. Did I not tell you I would not harm you? Years ago I won a beautiful Armenian maiden, whom I at once loved and married. She is good and sweet and she has shown me that I did a very wicked thing in killing her country-

men. So I have sworn to rescue from the Turks sixty oppressed Armenians, as many as I killed, whatever the risk to myself; and to house and care for them until they can safely be sent elsewhere.

"Your mother heard of my vow, and gave me the little money

she had to carry you away. I know all about you, too. You are the sons of a prosperous young Armenian silk manufacturer, who was thrown into prison by the Turks, condemned without trial and put to death with other men from Amasia. You led a life of ease, were taught in the best schools, and not required to do any work except learn your lessons well.



THE TWO BOYS MADE THEIR ANXIOUS WAY TO THE CORNER

Isn't that so? Now, let us be quiet. If we are to reach home safely we must take care that no Turk knows we are about!"

So, clinging to each other and the horseman, they sped on through the darkness, over hill and dale, across the ancient Halys Bridge into Siva, safe at last!

At the big Turkish house of the robber, they were welcomed by nearly sixty Armenians, and well cared for. If they had not been tired and ill from their long journey as exiles, their hard work, bad food and grief for their lost family, they would have been very contented. Their robber-friend did all he could to make it pleasant for them, buying them toys and clothes in the market.

The boys stayed at the house of their new friend for many months, but Garabed was not strong and he suffered greatly from the hard life he had led; and at last both Ara and Garabed were sent to an American missionary hospital to get well and strong, and there they heard about America, where Turks do not kill unoffending people, rob them and burn their homes and steal their seed grain so that they starve because they cannot plant their rich fields; where children are not so hungry and cold that they die in the streets.

One day their robber-friend came for the two boys to take them to the coast to the home of some relatives.

Ara and Garabed went to say goodbye to the kind missionaries.

"Tell the boys and girls in America about our poor country," they begged. "They have not heard how much we need their help. If they knew about us, they would help us, just as they helped the boys and girls of France and Belgium."

"And what makes you think the American boys and girls would help Armenia?" asked the missionary ladies.

"Because America has a big heart," replied Ara and Garabed, surprised at the question. "She helps everybody!"



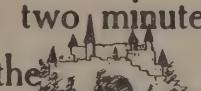
THERE THEY HEARD ABOUT AMERICA

Somebody and the Princess.



IV

IT was Monday morning and everybody in the was busy. The cook was up to her elbows in the bread , the laundress was hanging out her in the , the pages were washing the and polishing the marble floors. Ann Bridget was rocking the royal to sleep, and all the Maids of Honor were sitting in the -room making themselves new caps. The was in the -room too, sewing on the winter clothes. "I want to make Lilybel a fur , " she said to the First Maid of Honor. "Where is my last year's ermine ?" "In the up in the royal garret, your Royal Highness dear," said the . "Shall I go and get it?" asked the . "Do, dear," said the . So the went up to the royal garret to get her last year's ermine , and while she was gone a procession went by. Toot, toot, rat-a-tat, bing, bang! There was a big band and knights and ladies and and , and the cook left her and the laundress her and the pages

their  and the maids of honor their  and Ann Bridget grabbed up the royal Baby, and away they all rushed to see the procession. And when the  came downstairs again, the Palace was empty! She looked in the kitchen and in the parlor and in the throne-room and in the butler's pantry and under the  and there was nobody anywhere. "I'm all, all alone!" she cried. "Everybody has gone and left me!" and up she flew to the nursery to lie down on her little  and cry. But when she opened the , there was Somebody waiting for her. Somebody with blue  and golden hair and a smiling mouth. And the Princess caught her up and hugged her and sat down with her on her lap and dear, dear, it didn't seem two minutes before everybody came trooping back to the  again. "O you darling Somebody, you will always stay with me, won't you?" said the Princess. Somebody smiled. And who was it, do you suppose, but her own dear Doll Araminta!





BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

CHAPTER II—SELF-CONTROL

ONE day Mother made a call. It was a very important call, although she did not have to go very far to make it.

"Have you your blue velvet bag, Mother?" asked Betsey anxiously.

"And your cards, Auntie?" asked Violet.

"And your very best manners?" said Father, coming in.

"I think I have everything," said Mother, smiling. "I feel as if I were going to Europe, instead of to the little brown house next door."

"This is a more important trip, Mother," called Father after her, as he shut the front door.

Betsey and Violet tried to work, but they kept thinking of Mother and her beautiful plan. It seemed hours before she finally came out of the cunning brown house, waving goodbye.

"What did she say, Mother?" cried Betsey breathlessly, opening the door.

"She said 'yes,'" replied Mother with a hug. "The twins will come at three o'clock tomorrow, and stay till five."

Now for four weeks the Merry Americans had been trying to obey the Law of Health. Betsey and her cousin had colored their little blue and violet squares every single night. Patrick

had chosen red for his color, and Peter had chosen green. There were no tell-tale empty squares in their little books; either.

You may be sure that Mother was as interested in the Good American plan, as little Mother O'Moore; and that was the real reason for the important call.

"I want to help your Patriotic Pair with the Second Ameri-



can Law, Mrs. O'Moore," Mother had said. "I wonder if the boys could come over tomorrow, so all four can start Self-Control together."

Mrs. O'Moore had seen enough of Mother's delightful plans, so that she replied, "It's glad they will be to come and learn any law you may teach them."

"Get the black, blue, and red ink from my desk, Betsey," began Mother after dinner.

"Violet, clear off the large table in the library. When you get that done, bring the large sheets of cardboard you find behind my bureau."

"Father, you may sharpen these pencils, and lend us your long-handled marking brushes."

There was a great bustle as everyone flew off to get the

Record of Self-control
Name _____

	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
<u>Tongue</u>							
<u>Temper</u>							
<u>Thoughts</u>							

things, while Mother herself brought out four tiny pads of paper and a ruler.

Promptly at three, the Patriotic Pair arrived. There was a little excitement when they saw the important looking table, for even Betsey and Violet had no idea what was to be done.

"Now we are all ready to begin," declared Mother with satisfaction, as all the children drew their chairs around the table.

"First, Violet may read the Second Law, so you will all know what it is about."

"I know! It's about making yourself mind," said Peter.

"Just right!" cried Mother, much pleased. "That is a fine way to say it, Peter."

Violet began to read in her low, sweet voice:

"A GOOD AMERICAN CONTROLS HIMSELF."

"1. I will control my Tongue, and will not let it speak mean, vulgar, or profane words.

"2. I will control my Temper, and will not get angry when people do not please me.

"3. I will control my Thoughts, and will not let foolish wishes spoil a wise purpose."

"This is about the hardest Law of the whole ten," said Mother. "Our chart for this law will be different. Instead of coloring a square when we control our tongues, we will

paint a square *black*, when we don't control them."

"Wouldn't it be lovely, Patrick O'Moore, if we didn't have a single black square," sighed Betsey.

"Let's not, then," suggested Patrick, whose tongue was as quick as lightning.

"All right," flashed Betsey. "The first one to have a black square must do something very nice for the others!"

"That is a good plan," agreed Mother, beginning to measure off large oblongs of cardboard. Each card was 8 inches by 10 when the children had cut them carefully on the lines.

"Now we will make some signs," directed Mother. "Think up a short motto which will remind you to control yourself. Then print it in big letters on a card with colored ink. You can put a fancy border around the edge, and use fancy printing.

When they are done, you can hang them up in your room where you can see them."

"I know of one right off, Auntie," cried Violet, with sparkling eyes. "I will print a big, black letter T—oh, a huge, huge one, that will take up most all the card—I guess I won't tell the rest!"

For Betsey was already ruling off her card with a mischievous laugh, and Peter and Patrick were uncorking the red and blue ink.

The signs began to grow beautiful. Even Mother agreed that nobody could help minding them instantly.

Finally Betsey ran upstairs, and returned with a snap-shot of herself. This she pasted carefully on her sign, which said, "I AM YOUR BOSS!"



VIOLET'S SIGN



PATRICK'S SIGN



PETER'S SIGN

can write it on your little pad, fold the paper, and drop it in."

"Nobody will read them, then?" asked Peter. "So we can write just what we want to?"

"Yes," agreed Mother. "Put your first name on the note, and at the end of the month you can each make a square pile of notes and tie them with your favorite color."

"Save them till we're grown up," added Betsey.

Peter was the very first one to drop in a letter. The moment he got home with the red mail-box, he wrote carefully his first piece of self-control. If we could have seen it—although nobody but Peter ever did—we would have read this:

"I made myself go home from Betsey's at five o'clock, though nobody knows how I wanted to stay—unless it's Pat!"

"You see," she explained, "that is meant only for me. It means just what Peter said, 'I can make myself mind.' "

Then Mother produced four square boxes. Each box had a slot in its cover. "These are mail-boxes," she said. "I don't think any of you will want to tell when you do a good piece of work at Self-control, so you



BETSEY'S SIGN

THERE will be no more Play Department. In its place you will find the new Something To Do Department, which will contain many features each month. You will not want to miss the contests, and things to make and do. Watch for them.



CHAPTER VI.—HENNY PENNY

BETTY was all curled up in the big arm-chair in front of the fireplace, the Fairy Book spread open in her lap. “What are you smiling about?” asked the Fairy Godmother, appearing suddenly.

“I just love this story of Henny-Penny,” laughed Betty. “Everybody does—everybody, I think!”

The Fairy Godmother chuckled. “Just exactly! Most sensible! Quite right! Of course!” She smiled. “I like it, too.”

“But I wish the sky had fallen,” declared Betty. “They were all such sillies!”

“But such funny sillies!”

“What happened to Henny-penny, Fairy Godmother?” asked Betty, pointing with her finger to the picture in the Fairy Book. “Did she finally tell the king, I wonder?”

“Listen,” the fairy said. “The story goes right on. Maybe it hasn’t ended yet, for all I know. But I’ll tell you all I know about it. That’s just like this, Betty!”

And here is the story the Fairy Godmother told.

There was once-upon-a-time when Foxy-Woxy made two bites at Cocky-locky but didn’t kill him, and he called to Henny-penny so she turned tail and ran off home and forgot all about her plan to tell the king that the sky was going to fall; and this was the time when Cocky-locky set out to tell the queen that Foxy-woxy had eaten Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosey, and Ducky-daddles.

He went along, and he went along and he went along till he met Kitty-catty. "Where are you going, Cocky-locky?"

"I am going to tell the queen that Foxy-woxy has made two bites at Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosy, Ducky-daddles and has eaten them all up and I want to tell the king that Henny-penny says the sky is falling."

So Kitty-catty went with Cocky-locky.

They went along, and they went along and they went along, till they met Doggie-woggie.

"Where are you going, Cocky-locky and Kitty-catty?" asked Doggie-woggie. "May I come with you?"

"Certainly," replied Cocky-locky and Kitty-catty. "We are going to tell the queen that Foxy-woxy has made two bites at Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosy, Ducky-daddles and has eaten them all up, and we want to tell the king that Henny-penny says the sky is falling."

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Piggie-wiggie. "Where are you going?" asked Piggie-wiggie. "May I come with you?"

"Certainly," replied Cocky-locky, Kitty-catty, Doggie-woggie. "We are going to tell the queen that Foxy-woxy has made two bites at Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosy, Ducky-daddles and has eaten them all up, and we want to tell the king that Henny-penny says the sky is falling."

So Piggie-wiggie went with Cocky-locky, Kitty-catty, Doggie-woggie.



COCKY-LOCKY SET OUT TO TELL THE QUEEN

They went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Donkey-lonkey. "Where are you going?" asked Donkey-lonkey. "May I come with you?"

"Certainly," replied Cocky-locky, Kitty-catty, Doggie-woggie, Piggie-wiggie. "We are going to tell the queen that Foxy-woxy has made two bites at Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosy, Ducky-daddles and has eaten them all up, and we want to tell the king that Henny-penny says the sky is falling."

So Donkey-lonkey went with Cocky-locky, Kitty-catty, Doggie-woggie, Piggie-wiggie.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Wolfie-wolfie. "Where are you going?" asked Wolfie-wolfie. "May I go with you?"

"Certainly," replied Cocky-locky, Kitty-catty, Doggie-woggie, Piggie-wiggie, Donkey-lonkey. "We are going to tell the queen that Foxy-woxy has made two bites at Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosy, Ducky-daddles, and has eaten them all up, and we want to tell the king that Henny-penny says the sky is falling."

"Oh, but that is not the right way to go," said Wolfie-wolfie. "You'll soon get to the queen's palace if you follow me, for I know the short way there."

"Why, of course, certainly, without doubt, why not?" said Cocky-locky, Kitty-catty, Doggie-woggie, Piggie-wiggie, Donkey-lonkey.

So Wolfie-wolfie went into his den and he didn't go very far, but he turned around to wait for Cocky-locky, Kitty-catty, Doggie-woggie, Piggie-wiggie, Donkey-lonkey. Then Kitty-catty said, "Look out! I think this is what Foxy-woxy did to Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosy, Ducky-daddles!" And she spoke to Doggie-woggie, who spoke to Piggie-wiggie, who spoke to Donkey-lonkey, who told Cocky-locky. Then they all turned tail and ran home just as Henny-penny had, and nobody ever told the queen that Foxy-woxy had made two bites at Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosy, Ducky-daddles and had eaten them all up, and the king never knew that Henny-penny had said the sky was falling.

"And so the sky didn't fall and they never told the king, or the queen!" sighed Betty. "But anyhow, they didn't get caught. Couldn't you tell me what happened after *this*?"



WOLFIE-WOLFIE TURNED AROUND

key-lonkey, Wolfie-wolfie, it was just others that were sillies exactly of the same sort. You can make them yourself: Mousie-pousie, Ratty-patty, Froggie-woggie, Snakey-lakey, and all the rest. There never is any real end and the sky has never yet fallen in Fairyland, even with all the to-do."

The fairy shook her head. "It's the same thing all over again every time, dear," she explained. "There are people, you know, who never get any nearer finishing a thing than where they began—but I hope you are not like that yourself! When it wasn't Kitty-catty, Doggie-woggie, Piggie-wiggie, Don-

TRACKS IN THE SNOW

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS

THE rabbits and squirrels leave tracks in the snow
 As hippety-hop through the woods they go;
 But the tracks that are straggling down the street
 Are made by a sled and two dear little feet.

LITTLE ALLIES

BY CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

CHAPTER IX

THE two children stopped short. They had really almost forgotten that this was anything but an adventure in a fairy-tale castle.

Bravely Gene took Dorothy's hand and made her follow him into a room off the big hall, from which the sound seemed to come. The room was big and bare, and some heavy stuff hung over the windows, shutting out most of the light. Dorothy peered over Eugene's shoulder. There was nothing to be seen. Then, somewhere in the room, someone or something groaned, moved and groaned again.

Eugene sprang forward. Almost too frightened to speak, Dorothy crept after him.

Then a voice spoke in French and that reassured Dorothy and sent her flying to Eugene's side, where, in the dim light, he was looking intently into the thin, white face of a man who lay on a bed of straw in a corner.

"What is he saying, Gene?" asked Dorothy.

"I don't know all of it," answered Gene, "but he wants us to get him away from here. He said something about an aeroplane and a wreck and a pigeon—that's Pidgie, of course; and he must have sent the message Pidgie brought."

"But how can we get him away, Gene? He's sick, isn't he?"

"He says it's the pain from his broken arm, and he is hungry—he hasn't had anything to eat since day before yesterday. I'll tell you, Dot, let's take him back to the village with us. There'll be room in the barn for him, and we can give him some of whatever they give us to eat. He can walk, you know."

"Maybe Madelon would let him ride," suggested Dorothy hopefully. "Ask him if he will come."

So Eugene asked, in the very best French he knew, whether the soldier would go with them to the village.

Indeed he would, he assured them, and with their help he got to his feet, eager to start at once. He was dazed and weak, however, and Dorothy and Eugene found it took all their combined strength to get him into the big, bare hall and out into the courtyard, where he was obliged to rest on a broken stone bench.

"Did you see anyone as you entered?" he asked them presently.

Instantly Dorothy and Gene remembered the old man who had come out of the little stone door on the steps, and they described him as best they could for their companion.

"Then we must hurry," he said, getting to his feet. "He will not be long away, and it will be the worse for us if he finds us here."

"But we are Americans!" protested Gene. "He wouldn't hurt us, would he? See, I pinned my flag to my blouse, so that if we met any strangers they would know we were friends."

"Friends indeed!" exclaimed the soldier, kissing Gene and then his flag, much to the astonishment of that young man. "But three days ago I flew with a brave aviator from your country across the sky from Rheims. We flew low, above a train, and a little boy leaned out and waved to us such a flag as you wear on your breast. They are all brave, these Americans. And now they come, so many of them, from the land across the sea, to fight with us our battles for freedom."

"Have they truly come?" asked Dorothy. But even that did not interest Gene.

"Dot! Dot!" he cried. "This must have been one of the men we saw in the aeroplane, the day we came with Raoul! Do you remember? I waved my flag at them, you know!"

Gene was wild with joy, and he asked innumerable questions about that trip through the clouds and the flight above the train. Indeed they almost forgot that they were in any danger.

Then suddenly Dorothy looked down the length of the stone steps at the head of which they were standing. There, below them, his white head lifted to the sky, and his shaking hand shading his old eyes, stood the aged man who had come out of

the little stone door. Dorothy uttered an exclamation and drew back. Gene and the soldier looked and drew back, too. For, his search unsuccessful, the old man was beginning to climb the stairs to the courtyard. There was nothing to do but draw back into the bushes and wait, hoping that he would not see them. But half-way up he changed his mind, and, muttering to himself, turned and made his slow way down again. Then, with one last look, he went in and closed the little stone door behind him.

Then how they hurried, Dorothy and Gene helping the aviator all they could. Breathlessly they pushed through the tangles of undergrowth, into the old path, and so out to the roadside, where Madelon brayed them a greeting.

Madelon was obliging for once, and allowed the aviator to ride her; but his ride was short, and uncomfortable, for his legs were so long and Madelon was so short that he said he thought he could get on better, with the children's help, if he walked. So they began the journey back to the barn, and Madelon followed them contentedly.

"I wish you'd tell us how you came to be up there in that old castle," said Gene.

"And how you ever got our Pidgie!" added Dorothy.

"And who is that old man?" continued Gene, for that was something he had been wanting to know very badly ever since the aviator had spoken so mysteriously of him.

"It is simple, how I happened to be there," said their companion. "I was flying, for France, to observe the positions of the enemy, and I was pursued by a Boche plane. The Boche fired, the shot took effect, and—*voila!* There! I fell into an open space on top of a hill, machine and all. That is all I know about that, except that there on the hill lies what is left of my plane, with my brave pilot beneath. When I came to myself I was in great pain. Then I saw the chateau looming above me, and I thought to find friends there. I had with me a carrier pigeon in case I wished to send a message, and though I feared it was, like my pilot, dead, it was not. So I took it with me and with difficulty made my way to the castle. There I found lodg-

ing with that old man whom you have seen. But I found later that I was a prisoner and no guest."

"You don't mean he is a *German*, and he captured you?" said Eugene excitedly.

"Non, non!" answered the aviator with a laugh. "He is no German; just a too-zealous Frenchman, who suspects even himself of treason. To him I was a spy in disguise, sent by



"FATHER, FATHER!" CRIED RAOUL

God that he might capture me and so render service to his dear country. He is insane, my lad."

"But why didn't you go away when you found out about him?" asked Dorothy.

"Because," said the aviator, "it was too late. He guarded me with arms night and day. This morning someone came, and he went away with that person. I had reason to suppose that he would not go far, leaving me unguarded. But it was my chance. I had paper and pencil about me, and my faithful pigeon was still in its cage. That was the way, you see. I took it. And it was best, for now I shall find care for my poor arm, and perhaps something to eat."

"Where did you get Pidgie?" asked Dorothy. "He was our pigeon once." And she explained how they had found Pidgie after the air raid.

The aviator looked at her curiously. "That is strange," he said. "He has always been my pigeon. I raised him myself, in my cote at Rheims, before the war. I had many others, but this one was a pet. The rest I gave to France, that they also might fly for her. *Le Petit* I kept for myself, to fly with me. But after a while I saw that the government should have him, and though he is a registered carrier, he is still mine. He has had many an adventure. When the war is over I will tell you of the strangest one—but it is not safe to do so yet. Even the grass has ears."

Eugene was still thinking. "It's queer," he said. "When we found Pidgie he was a carrier, but he wasn't carrying a message. The boy we told you about ran away and took Pidgie with him, and he won't tell us what he did with him, but we've never seen him since until to-day. We knew it was Pidgie by his number, you see."

"Oh, there's the barn!" cried Dorothy, glad enough to see it again. She wondered if their companion was any hungrier than she was, or than Gene must be, though he said nothing about it. "And there's Raoul!" she added, running ahead.

"Oh, Raoul!" she cried. "Such an adventure! We've found Pidgie again, and an aviator who—Why, what's the matter?"

She looked anxiously from Raoul to Gene and the aviator who were rapidly drawing near, and back again to Raoul. The boy's face was deathly white and his eyes were like two stars. He stood at the salute.

As she watched, the aviator, too, saluted.

Then with a glad cry and a torrent of French, aviator and boy were clasped in each others arms.

"Father! Father!" cried Raoul.

"Raoul! My brave son!" was the answer.

(To be continued)



LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD VALENTINE NUMBER

“SCRIBBLE, scribble, Peggy Grey, what *are* you making this fine day?” I sang to a little tune as I slipped into the pretty playroom at Mother Grey’s cottage and found Peggy leaning over her desk, hard at work.

“A Valentine, dear Aunty mine!” Peggy sang back to me to part of the very same little tune.

Then both of us laughed for we are always making little rhymes at each other.

“And who gets those precious Valentines?” I asked. “Or maybe I shouldn’t ask for fear one of them is for me!”

“Yours is already made and put away,” laughed prudent Peggy. “One of these is for Mother-dear-Grey and one is for Father and would you like to see them?”

Peggy had two beautiful white paper hearts and on them

she had drawn a pretty wreath of leaves and flowers—a wreath was right around the center of each one of the paper hearts.

"Why, you are quite an artist, Miss Peggy!" I said as I watched Peggy coloring the leaves and flowers with her crayons.

"Oh," said Peggy, "I'm glad you like my flowers, but it's the poems I'm gladdest about. Would you like to see them, too?"

"Would I? Of course I would! I'm always glad to see Peggy's poetry because it seems to spring right out of her kind and loving little heart.

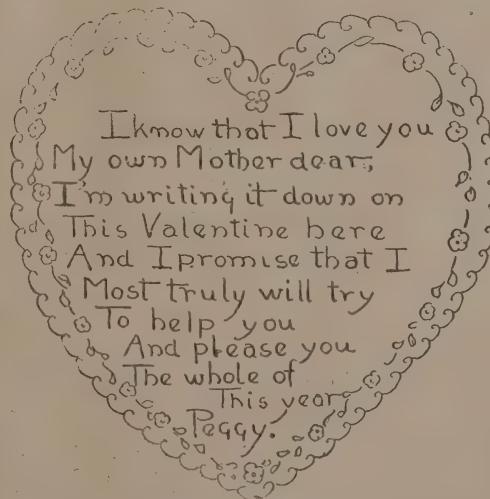
"The first one is for Mother-dear," she said, "And I'm going to print the little verses right inside my wreath of flowers and then sign my name to it—she'd know it was from me, anyway, so I'd expect to sign my name."

I thought they were very nice Valentines to be made by a little girl so I made some little pictures of them to send to you dear Home Guard children; I thought it might help you to think of other ways to make pretty Valentines for your fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, and all of the others you love, on Saint Valentine's Day.

You know, Saint Valentine's Day is heart day—it's the day you must be sure to think of those that you love and then do something sweet to let them know that you love them.

When you see hearts stuck around everywhere on Valentine's Day that is what the hearts mean—they mean that some people are telling their love.

It's mighty nice to have people tell you they love you, isn't



MOTHER'S VALENTINE

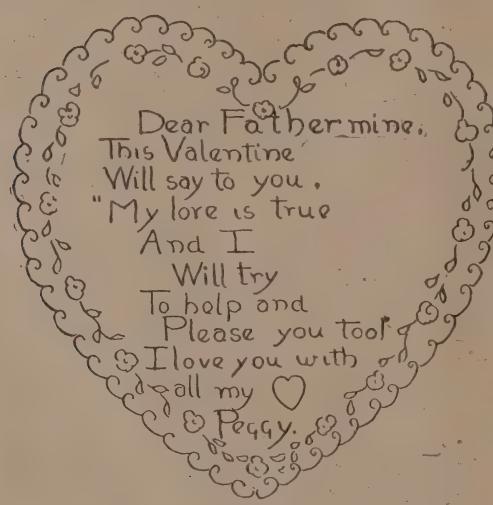
it? I think it is and I want you to tell your fathers and mothers, and all the sweet others how much you love them. That's such a nice thing to do on Valentine's Day!

And then after that you have a whole long sweet year to prove your love in, and the way to prove your love is to be kind and helpful and loving every day in the year.

Then you are just like a little valentine yourself and, you make the world brighter and sweeter and happier every day that you live.

You give the love of your heart and the work of your hands to the dear ones around you and your kindness spreads far

out like a bright ray of sunshine. You make your own home happier —your country a better country and the whole wide world a better world because you put your love and your work into it. You know every little blooming flower goes to make the world a little brighter and more beautiful and just so it is that every



child who loves and is kind makes the world a little happier and a little better.

This is the month that Mother Nature is watering the world to make the soil nice for roots so you must keep on smiling if it is a little stormy—spring-time is coming and you'll have nice gardens by and by.

Be good and brave and try to make yourselves like happy little Valentines in the world.

Your loving

Auntie Frances.



BUTTERFLIES IN WINTER

BY JOSEPHINE A. BAKER

BUTTERFLIES in winter? Butterflies in the months of snow and ice and biting winds? Why, these little fairy creatures are for sunshine and fair weather! They can live only in the warmth of summer hours! That is what we usually think, isn't it?

But let me tell you of the "yellow-edge" butterflies who brave the cold and stay the winter through, waiting for another spring. Late in the fall, when frosts have destroyed the blossoms and there is no honey for them to feed on, they sip the juice from frozen apples or the sap from freshly cut logs. When ice and snow comes and other butterflies and caterpillars have tucked themselves snugly away in winter quarters, these hardy fellows are hanging with wings folded, beneath loose shingles or clapboards or under the loose bark of a tree.

These are the angle-wing butterflies and the names of some of them are the "Comma," the "Semicolon," and the "Red Admiral." When a winter thaw comes and it is warm in

some southern, sheltered nook, the angle-wings awake from their cold nap and our eyes are gladdened by these little winged visitors in January or February.

Questions.

What kind of butterflies do we sometimes see in winter?

Where do they sleep during the coldest weather?

Where do other butterflies spend the winter months?

POPCORN SECRETS

BY ALICE A. NOYES

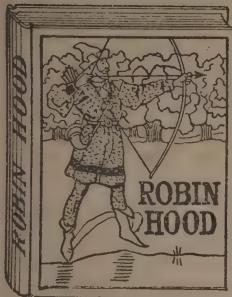
SOME yellow pop-corn kernels,
With secrets stored inside,
Slipped from their cozy corn-cob home
To enjoy a popper ride.

The popper travelled to and fro,
Above some glowing coals,
The kernels snapped and danced about,—
The lively little souls.

When the ride was over,
They tumbled out in glee,
Their secrets now were all revealed,
And those who wished might see.

There were poodle dogs and rabbits,
And funny bob-tailed cats,
Some things so queer they had no names,
And some white ruffled hats.

FREE STORY BOOKS



Have you subscribed for the new Children's Magazine? If so, have you told your friends about it? If you have not, do so and earn a big free story book, handsomely bound and printed, just for getting six friends to sign one of the four-months' trial subscription coupons below, which will entitle them to the Children's Magazine for four-months at 25c. Send us the coupons and the money, and with your order enclose the title of the book you have chosen from the following list.

Anderson's Fairy Tales
Alice in Wonderland
Grimm's Fairy Tales
The Water Babies

Child's Garden of Verses
Robin Hood
Little Lame Prince
Through the Looking Glass

Read what our friends say about the first issue of the Children's Magazine, and decide for yourself whether you want to miss any of them. These are only a few of the letters that reach us daily.

Miss Davidson, Librarian at Hamburg, Iowa, writes:—"The first number of The Children's Magazine has reached me and I wish to congratulate you on it. Patrons of our Public Library are very much pleased with The Children's Magazine. They like its size, its illustrations, its paper; and some have been perverse enough to like it better than Little Folks. I enclose 75c. for a year's subscription, and wish it success."

From Windsor, Mo., little Annie Spangenberg writes:—"I received my Children's Magazine a little while ago, and I was perfectly delighted. It is such a nice little magazine. I think I will take it as long as I take Little Folks. I liked "Little Breeches" in the Children's Magazine."

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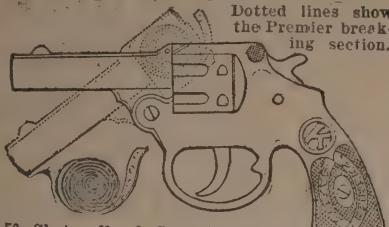
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LITTLE FOLKS and THE NEW CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE with		Boy's Life.....\$3.25 Review of Reviews.....4.75 Pictorial Review.....3.50 Boy's Magazine.....3.25 Youth's Companion.....4.25 McCall's or People's Home Jour- nal or Today's Housewife.....2.75 Delineator or Everybody's.....3.75 Mother's.....2.75 Am. Magazine or Woman's Home Companion.....4.00 Etude.....3.50 Christian Herald.....4.00 McClure's.....3.25		TO MAKE UP A LIST OF MAGAZINES

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50 Shot roll of Cap ammunition used in the Premier Repeater.

THE PREMIER 50 SHOT REPEATER

The only repeater in the world that breaks to load like a revolver. The Premier is a Fifty Shot Safety, altogether different from the old-fashioned cap pistol and much superior to it. Caps are large and noisy, but safe. There is no make-believe about the action of the Premier—it shoots every time you pull the trigger.

Extra boxes of caps cost 5c. Each box contains 5 rolls of caps.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is \$1.50 a year but they can have it four months for 25c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of ten such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send \$2.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Premier.

(Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.)

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This Dandy Paint Box contains 38 water-colors, crayons, etc. With this complete outfit you can color all the pictures in LITTLE FOLKS and lots of others.

This great, big, handsome paint box is certainly a "dandy." It contains 6 crayons, 20 pans of water colors, 8 boxes of moist colors, 4 tubes of paint and a camel's hair brush. There is everything a boy or girl needs to paint or color with. All the paints are non-poisonous. The box itself is large and strong, made with hinged cover and beautifully decorated with colored lithographs. For any child who is fond of coloring or painting this is a fine outfit.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is \$1.50 a year but they can have it four months for 25c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send \$1.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

(Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.)

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SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT

HOW many times have you said, do you suppose, "I wish Little Folks would print my story or my poem?" And how many times, do you suppose, has your Editor had to return you the poems and stories you sent her because there wasn't room for them in the magazine. She promised you, though, didn't she, that some day we would try to have room for them? Now is that time. Beginning next month, we will print the very best story and the very best poem that our readers send us during February, and we will give a prize, a beautiful book, for them, one for the story that is best, and one for the best poem. Now, do the very best you can, and let us see what fine little authors we have among our readers. Remember that all the other boys and girls who read Little Folks will be anxious to know just how good a story you can write, so try not to send anything that you aren't sure is your best work. Please read these conditions very carefully, because failure to observe them will prevent your work from being considered in the competition. Poems must not be more than eight lines long, and stories must not be more than three hundred words. Write in ink, on one side of the paper only. Send your story or poem, with your name and address written clearly on the first page to The Story Contest Editor, Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

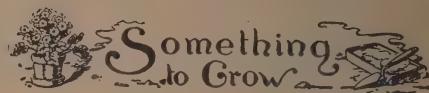
And how would you like, each month, a page of things that other boys and girls had made or done? Sometimes, in the Letter Bag, you have read letters from boys and girls who told you how to make gifts or toys that they had enjoyed, and I'm sure lots of you must have made and enjoyed them, too. If you would like to write a description, telling exactly how to make some things you know about and that you think other readers would enjoy making, we should be glad to know about them. If you like, you may send a pattern or a drawing of what you have made. Maybe it will be something you have learned to make in school, or something you thought up yourself. If enough of you send us suggestions for things to make, perhaps we shall soon be able to buy the best of them, and print them with your name. Make your description as clear as you can, and as brief; and remember that unless you send us your suggestion, we can't print this page at all!

SOMETHING TO GUESS

EVERYBODY likes to guess riddles. Did you know that nobody can tell how old the oldest conundrum in the world is? Some of the very oldest ones are still the best ones, and we still enjoy guessing them. Below you will find some riddles you may not have heard before, and if you like you may write down your answers and send them to the Riddle Editor, in care of this magazine. Every month there will be a prize for the boy or

girl who guesses correctly the largest number of the riddles that are printed. The answers to these riddles will be printed next month, with some new ones to guess, and the prize winner's name will be printed too. Now, everybody, put on your thinking caps and tell me:

1. What key in music will make a good army officer?
2. When is a farmer cruel to his corn?
3. Why is the pig the most wonderful animal in the barnyard?
4. When is a chair like a lady's dress?
5. What bells have no tongues?
6. Why are tears like potatoes?



PERHAPS you think this isn't the time of year to be planting things. "Nothing grows in February!" I hear you say. But I know a queer little plant that may be started any season and grows the year round, if you but plant it carefully, and tend it carefully, any don't lose interest in it. It costs only a penny to plant, but it will grow as big as you will let it. Sometimes it grows very fast, and sometimes it grows slowly, depending on the care you take of it; but it always grows. The name of this little plant is Penny Posy. Let's plant it!

Get an ordinary drinking glass, or a jelly tumbler, and cut a circle of heavy brown paper, a quarter of an inch larger in circumference than the top of the glass. With a sharp knife, make a slit an inch long in the top of this. Now fit the paper carefully over the top of the glass, so that its edge will extend as evenly as possible all the way round, and glue it neatly down. You see, your Penny Posy isn't going to depend on the sunlight, air or water it gets, but on the stray pennies and nickles and dimes that drop through the slit down into the tumbler. Going-without-candy and want-a-bank-account are the things it needs most to grow on.

When you have planted the first penny, watch your Penny Posy grow. When your "flower pot" is full, turn the "blossoms" into "fruit"—Thrift Stamps or a Savings Bank Account, with a real bank book.

And then plant another Penny Posy!

Even grown-ups like these sturdy little plants, and, do you know, one lady who never could seem to save her money in any other way, was surprised and delighted to find that it was easy, when she could see the little pile of coins mounting up to the top of the glass.

It's really much more interesting than an ordinary bank, where, although you are saving hard, you cannot really watch the Penny Posy "take root" and grow. Try it and see!

SOMETHING TO DO WITH LITTLE FOLKS

HERE are a few things you can do with this month's Little Folks that you may not have thought of.

Find out why the little boy in the frontispiece wants to be general like Washington. Was Washington a great general? See what you can find out about him, and then decide for yourself why this little fellow wants to be a general like him.

Color the pictures in the fairy story, *Luck and the Lad*.

Make up a story about the two rats in the poem, *What Became of Them?* What do you think might have happened to them? Think up some adventures for them. I'm sure they must have had a great many.

If you have a little brother or sister who doesn't go to school, or a little neighbor child, teach him or her to read with you *Somebody and the Princess*. Little folks like to "read the pictures," and they'll enjoy the story ever so much.

See if you can obey the Third Law of a Good American till Little Folks comes out again and tells you the fourth. *The Merry Americans* will tell you what to do.

Make up a game from the story *Henny Penny*. I'm sure you can think of some good ones. I can think of two or three right now.

Go out and play in the snow—if you have snow where you live—after you have read *Tracks in the Snow*.

Here is Chapter IX of *Little Allies*. Guess what is going to happen next, and then see if you are right.

Sign the Little Folks Home Guard pledge and send in a few pennies for Jean Henry.

See if you can find any *Butterflies in Winter*.

Pop some corn and discover some *Popcorn Secrets* for yourself. Try making little people and animals from popcorn with the aid of wire hairpins or a little glue.

Read the advertisements in Little Folks and patronize the advertisers.

Offer to send in a subscription to Little Folks for some friend and earn a premium for yourself. Twelve full months of fun for \$1.50.



MINIATURE WAR TANK

This is the cutest war toy we have ever seen; a real miniature of a war tank. It's only about two inches long and goes along at a pace corresponding with its size. You make it go by first drawing it backward on a flat surface and then putting it down. It just goes along and looks as if it really had a small engine in it to make it go.

Two given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price 30c. each, or two for 50c.

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SALEM, MASS.

A FREE Copy

of

The Children's Magazine

For Sending Us 10 Names

of children who do not take Little Folks, together with their mothers' names, and addresses.

OR

for the same number of names and 15 cents, we will enter your name for a 4-month trial subscription to The Children's Magazine.

This offer is not good without the ten names.

Use these blanks

Child's Name

Mother's Name

Street and No.

Town and State

Child's Name

Mother's Name

Street and No.

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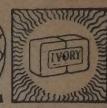
Mother's Name

Street and No.

Town and State

Write additional names and addresses on a blank sheet of paper.

S. E. CASSINO CO., : : : SALEM, MASS.



Chapter I. They are off again

HAVE no doubt you children know that valiant IVORY crew who fare abroad with stalwart hearts, brave deeds to dare and do. They have a ship of IVORY SOAP and IVORY motor car. Where peace and cleanliness are found, that's where our heroes are. Their captain is wee Gnif the Gnome, and Bob and Betty White assist

their clever captain with wise counsel, day and night. When Peter Pig, though rather fat, oft bears the trying brunt of hard fought field, and fearsome is Pete Piggie's battle grunt. Then, Billy Goat, whose whiskers whisk in every reckless gale comes last, but Billy is not least in our exciting tale. Bill's battle rage would crack a peck of hard shelled hickory nuts, and I have yet to see the foe withstand his baleful butts.



Bill's battle rage.

Our IVORY heroes all had been on holidays at home, and now we see them gathered round their captain, Gnif the Gnome. "Dear Comrades, list," said Gnif to them (and Billy scratched his chin), our holiday

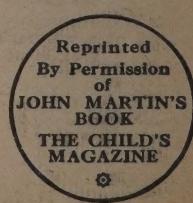
IVORY
IT FLOATS



SOAP
99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



For Nurseries and Schoolrooms of Younger Children. Write the Proctor & Gamble Co., Department JM, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Dear Comrades, list!!

is at an end, our labors must begin. Look yonder, tell me what you see?" "A cloud of smoke," they cry. "Oh, how it shadows everything and spoils the sunny sky!" "That is just where the giant lives, the Giant Soil and Spoil. With black and evil trails of grime he undoes thrift and toil. Come, heroes, arm with IVORY SOAP, prepare for battle grim. Come, in the name of cleanliness, and let us conquer him."

With no delay their bombing plane was soon equipped with soap, and mops and sponges, water tubs, and coils and coils of rope. For food and sustenance they took roast beef and chicken stew, some doughnuts and some chocolate cake, and ginger cookies, too. Pete Pig was pilot of the plane, the noisy motor started, and so, with brave and lusty cheers, our IVORY crew departed. Up, up they flew, ten thousand feet, then headed straight and sure to that grim spot of murky black that marred the sky so pure. Down like a falcon on its prey, our IVORY heroes fell. Up from the grime and smoke arose a great and mighty yell.

Wait little Readers, do not fear and do not be perplexed. This thrilling tale is sure to be *continued in our next.*



NO matter where you live, the birds are with you during some part of the year. If you would like to have bird neighbors right in your very own yard, the way to get them is to learn all you can about their habits and furnish them with the kind of food and shelter they like. For, though a bird may come every day to eat your crumbs and berries and seeds, he will not build his nest close to you unless he can find what he thinks exactly the right place to bring up his little-bird children.

Not all birds like the same kind of houses. Robins and orioles build their nests in the boughs of the trees, and do not want bird houses. Other birds build their nests in cavities. And the very sweetest of all this type of bird is the tiny brown house wren, who sings and sings all day long, and takes care of your garden better than you can do it yourself.

Wrens rear two and sometimes three broods in a season and usually change their nesting place each time, so that the more homes you provide for these wonderful little singers when moving-time comes, the better for them and for you. The right kind of home for these little birds is the one we offer. It is scientifically constructed just for wrens, the right size with a doorway just big enough to admit him and too small for any but one other cavity-building bird to enter. The wrens appreciate this sort of house and prove it by coming back, year after year, to the place where they can find these little houses, and where they know they will be as safe and happy as a bird can be. So simple—and so desirable—a way is it to win the friendship of a wren!

It is never the wrong season to attract birds, and the time to begin is always NOW. The house wren, coming from the south, reaches the latitude of New York about May; but he is apt to come earlier, if the weather is favorable. So it is well to be ready for the songster whose happiness will come pouring out of his little throat some morning under your window. That's when he will begin to hunt for a home, and if he finds your little house perched on a post or fastened to the side of a building, he will not be long in moving in. Little Lois Harris of Oneida, Ill. writes us: "I like the little wren house I sent for very much. There is a little wren that lives in it. I saw a baby wren last Sunday. I walked up close to it but the mother and father made such a noise that I went away." And Lois is only one child who has made friends of the wrens in this way.

Little Folks is prepared to supply you with one or more of these special wren houses, under the conditions mentioned on the coupon below. If you desire more than one house, send 15c. for each extra one ordered. The houses are all painted, and come knock-down, ready to put together with only a few minutes' work. Nails and full directions supplied.

COUPON FOR WREN OUTFIT—PLEASE CHECK YOUR ORDER

**LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE,
SALEM, MASS.**

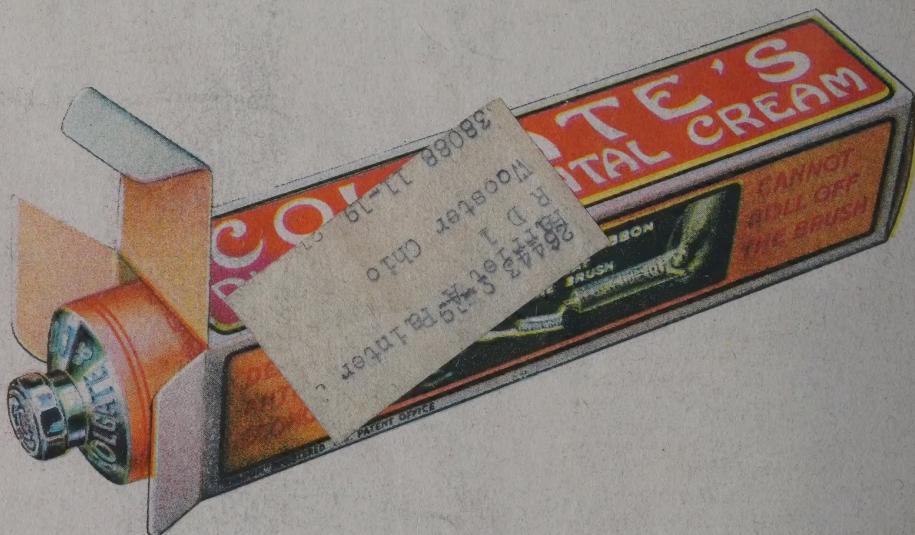
Gentlemen:

- I enclose \$1.50 for the renewal of my subscription to Little Folks, regardless of when it expires, and 20c. extra for a wren house.
- I enclose 75c. for a year's subscription to the new Children's Magazine, and 20c. extra for a wren house.
- I enclose \$2.00 for a year's subscription to both Little Folks and the new Children's Magazine, with 20c. extra for a wren house.
- I have already paid my subscription to Little Folks—or the Children's Magazine—(Please indicate which, by a cross) and I enclose 25c. for a wren house.

Note:—A new or renewal order must accompany the order for a wren house or else the price is 25c.

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down
And asked his way to Norwich;
He went by the South,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

I'll tell you the truth:
When he was a youth
His teeth were not brushed day and
night,
So now he's grown up
About all he can sup
Is porridge—his teeth are not right.



A pleasant and useful companion for all the children of the country is this safe, sane, delicious dentifrice. It should be your companion every night and every morning because it helps to bring two other companions which every boy and girl wants—Good Teeth and Good Health.

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